



THE LEATHERNECK



Vol. 7, No. 2

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 4, 1924

Five Cents

ANNOUNCING OUR MONTHLY PRIZE LETTER CONTESTS

THE LEATHERNECK takes pleasure in announcing a monthly prize letter contest which begins with this issue. Subjects will be announced in the first issue of each month and the contests will close on the 25th of the same month. To the writer of the best letter will be awarded Five Dollars, to the writer of the second best letter, two free subscriptions to THE LEATHERNECK to be mailed to any addresses designated, and to the writer of the third best letter one free subscription to THE LEATHERNECK, mailed in the same way. When the financial condition of the paper permits the amount of the prize will be increased, providing the interest shown in these contests warrants it.

The rules for the contests follow:

1. Letters shall be addressed to PRIZE CONTEST, THE LEATHERNECK, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.
2. Letters shall be written legibly in ink or typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Letters shall not be over 500 words in length.
4. The name and address of the writer must be signed to each letter submitted.

The contests will close promptly at noon of the 25th of each month. The judges will be selected from the editorial staff of THE LEATHERNECK and from officers of the Marine Corps Institute. Winners will be announced as soon as a decision is reached, and prizes will be forwarded at once.

The subject for this month's letter will be:

Education and the Marine Corps Institute.

Letters will be considered on their own merits, regardless of whether the writer is a student with the M. C. I. or not. Approach the matter from any angle, in your own words and in the best style you know. Let's have your thoughts on the subject.

RECRUITING IN NACOGDOCHES (TEXAS)

The Marine Recruiting Force at Waco, Texas, transferred some time ago to the Comanche Indian town of Nacogdoches, which is all that the English translation of its name implies—Knee-Deep-in-Mud. It was raining when we left Waco and has rained incessantly ever since, which is now a period of twenty-seven days. That's pretty bad when you stop to think

(Continued on page 2)

GENERAL LEJEUNE ASKS CLEAN- UP OF QUANTICO

In his annual report to Secretary Denby the Major General Commandant asks for a clean-up of the town of Quantico because of its insanitary condition and because of its being an abode for bootleggers and other undesirables. This recommendation gives additional impetus to a movement already started in Congress to purchase the town of Quantico and include the land in the rest of the Government reservation.

General Lejeune's report follows, in part:

"A large amount of construction work has been done in Quantico during the year. Concrete foundations have been put under all the wooden barracks and extensive repairs have been made. These barracks are rapidly deteriorating and will soon have to be replaced.

"A large number of officers' quarters have been constructed by rebuilding temporary barracks. Considerable progress has been made on the construction of the Quantico Stadium, which, when completed, will seat 50,000 and will enclose a huge athletic field. Progress has also been made on the construction of a clubhouse.

"There has been no call for the services of the Marine Corps for expeditionary duty during the year. Nevertheless, the year has not been entirely without achievement. Marines have been constantly on duty guarding the property of the United States, protecting its interests and keeping the peace in Santo Domingo and Haiti. The achievements of the Marine Corps in Haiti constitute one of the bright pages in American history. A people torn with revolution and misery have been rescued, and today peace, personal liberty and prosperity prevail as never known before.

"The native gendarmerie of Haiti have taken the places of Marines with marked success. There were no reports of banditry during the entire year.

"The Marine Corps aviators have completed photographing aerial routes and landing fields in both Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and are maintaining an efficient air mail service."

The report goes on to state that the great need of the hour in the Marine Corps is a change in the system of promoting commissioned officers. The law of 1892 is a serious block to efficiency and an unnecessary financial drain on the taxpayers.

The report gives an average strength of 19,000 enlisted men and 1,000 officers, exclusive of the Marine Band.

A HUNTING TRIP IN NICARAGUA

In the last copy of the *Legation Sentinel* from Managua, we note a description of a hunting trip by several Marines stationed there, and although the trip brought forth little in the way of trophies, it seems to have been interesting enough, and we are reprinting part of it with the hope that our readers will likewise find it so:

"A gang of huntsmen, sometimes referred to as 'musicians,' might have been seen trekking out of camp, and a little later . . . after dark, the mule train left the house of our host, and wended its way toward the low foot-hills behind La Loma. Single file, we pushed up and up the narrow, rough bullcart road into the hills which form the Coast Range of this part of Central America.

About nine o'clock the moon rose, full and brilliant, which made the traveling more pleasant. It was well onto midnight when we reached Campo de Amore and dismounted for a drink and a brief rest, while we waited for our tardy rear section (Erdman, Butler and Quensel) to catch up. Then we got under way again and pushed on toward El Chale, the coffee plantation at which we were to stop. The way led along a ridge and then down over a slippery trail into a canyon darker than the proverbial black cat. At El Chale, sleeping occupied all hands until well after daylight . . . when two of us went hunting for squirrels and pigeons which were almost within pistol shot of the "hacienda."

After a good breakfast, the day was given over to scouting for eggs and milk, and planning the trips. Next day we hiked fifteen miles to a gameless paradise, which, however, was much easier to look at than to skirmish over. We spent the rest of the day hunting deer (without success) and finally returned to the "hacienda" in the twilight, where a cold bath and some good hot spaghetti put us in a better humor.

Monday, Pratt and I (the writer was Gunnery Sergt. T. G. Bruce) found a hidden canyon, which, inquiry revealed, had not been entered even by the natives for several years. We found tracks of deer and some large feline and later came across the complete skeleton of a large "cat" or lion lying in one of the caves which are found thereabouts. We removed the skull and brought it back with us to be mounted on the walls of the Semper Fidelis Club.

The next morning we made an early start for the new found canyon, where we effected a perilous descent with the

aid of a knotted line, finding ourselves in as wild and as rugged a spot as any of us had ever seen. We followed a dry stream bed, the only possible path, for four miles until finally we came to the end of that particular canyon, where there was a waterfall of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It is a mystery where that water goes as the bottom of the fall can hardly be higher than Lake Managua. We were forced to use our machetes and thus made considerable noise, so that although we saw lion and deer tracks everywhere we did not see any animals. On the way back we also heard the crashing of animals in the underbrush.

Returning that night we advanced cautiously over the same ground with the aid of flashlights. Just as we heard what we were expecting, the angry snarl of a large "cat," our flashlights failed us and began blinking in a way which told us we were soon to be left "like Moses." There was only one thing to do. We did it! . . . the lights of the ranchhouse looked mighty good when we got there. The next day we started back for Managua where we arrived without event. Our experiences should prove an incentive to the rest of the command to get out into those canyons . . . which we feel sure are lion country.*

The men making up the hunting party were McClosky, Williams, Hatch, Erdman, Quensel, Pratt, Butler, Johnson, Di Blasi and myself."

*Editor's Note—We are not sure that the experiences mentioned in this paragraph would prove an incentive to us—what do you think?

(Continued from page 1)

that it only rained for forty days when the world was destroyed by the Flood.

During the lull in recruiting we kept the Marine Corps before the public by using Christmas and New Year posters which certainly gained us a lot of prestige. In one of the windows of the station we placed a card reading "Peace on earth; Good-will toward mankind" and one of the local "sky-pilots" gave a very nice talk on it at the Christmas Day services of his church. When recruiting is resumed we expect some splendid results in this section of the country.

A small band of Comanches gave a Christmas party here and among the members present were the following "jaw-breakers":

Miss Agnes Wash-Mud-Off-With-Rain; Mr. John Killed-A-Hungry-Grey-Dog; Miss Sadie Jump-Up-And-Kick-A-Hole-In-The-Tepee; Oscar Ride-A-White-Horse-To-Water; Willie - Catch - A - Big - Wolf-Sleeping; and Jimmy Sells-His-Mule-For-Fire-Water.

THE NAMING OF THE "HENDERSON"

Almost everyone in the Marine Corps knows or has heard of the U. S. S. *Henderson*, the transport which has carried thousands of Marines to and from the tropics and to the West Coast, yet many of us have no knowledge of the man for whom the vessel was named.

Colonel Henderson is one of the famous figures of early Marine Corps history. A native of Virginia, he entered the Corps as a second lieutenant in 1806, being promoted to captain five years later. During the war of 1812 he commanded the Marine Guard on the Frigate *Constitution* during her cruise under Captain Stewart.

In 1820 he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel Commandant and in 1834 he became Colonel Commandant of the Marine Corps, being the first Marine officer to attain that rank.

During the year of 1836 Colonel Henderson commanded the First Battalion of Marines against the Creek Indians who were conducting an uprising in Georgia.

Colonel Henderson died on January 6, 1859, at Washington, D. C.

U. S. S. OVERTON NAMED FOR MARINE HERO

Another United States naval vessel which was named for a Marine officer is the destroyer *Overton*, so named in memory of Captain Macon C. Overton, U. S. Marine Corps, who entered the service from the state of Georgia in August, 1917.

Captain Overton took part in the battles of Belleau Wood, Verzy, and Mont Blanc, being awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the French Croix de Guerre for his extraordinary heroism in these engagements. He was mortally wounded on November 1, 1918, while guiding a tank forward against an enemy machine gun position at the battle of St. George.

POST OFFICE MEN PLEASE NOTE

THE LEATHERNECK asks the cooperation of the Marines in all station post offices in seeing that our subscribers receive their papers as promptly as possible. We have received a few complaints from various stations that men had not received their LEATHERNECKS, and quite naturally they placed the blame on our circulation department. Investigation showed that the papers had been mailed so the fault did not lie with us. We try to send out the paper in the most convenient form for handling, such as bundling together all papers for the men of one company when we are able to do so, and we earnestly request all men in the post offices to reciprocate with their best efforts.

PORTSMOUTH AN ALL-LEATHER-NECK POST

The Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., is as near a one hundred per cent LEATHERNECK post as can be expected, if we are to judge from a letter received from the Post Exchange Officer at that station. The Post Exchange has been buying a certain number of copies of each issue for re-sale at the Barracks, but owing to the large number of regular subscribers at Portsmouth there is no market for further sales. The letter is quoted, in part, below:

"Owing to the number of men who are subscribers to THE LEATHERNECK we find it impossible to sell the paper. * * *"

We are not sorry to receive letters like this, although at first glance it appears that we have lost the money from the sale of those extra copies. But this is a fallacy. It really means that we have gained a large number of regular subscribers who were in the past only intermittent buyers from the Post Exchange. We are sorry to discontinue our pleasant dealings with the Post Exchange, however, and we thank Captain Russell, the officer in charge, for his past courtesies to THE LEATHERNECK.

A DANGEROUS (?) RIVAL OF OUR MARINE BAND

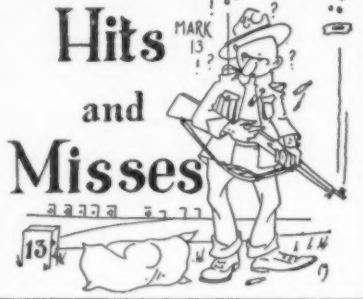
Capt. H. L. Larsen, stationed on board the U. S. S. *New Mexico* on the West Coast, has sent us a newspaper clipping from which we learn that a new Marine Band has been organized in Wilmington, Calif. However, after perusing the clipping carefully we have come to the conclusion that "The President's Own" need not worry, for a while at least. The new organization is in no way connected with military life, and it draws its high sounding name entirely from the fact that it was brought together in the Marine Laundry of Wilmington. The band has a dozen members already, but there are still five or six openings for good musicians. Any one wishing to apply for one of these vacancies may do so at the Marine Laundry of Wilmington on Thursday evenings, when rehearsals are held. We hope that there will be no grave errors made because of this duplication of titles, such as our losing the services of a promising musician by having him sign up with the Laundry-men.

WHAT WOMEN ADMIRE IN MEN

MONEY
FLATTERY.
MONEY
ADMIRATION.
MONEY
GOOD LOOKS.
MONEY
SCANDALOUS BEHAVIOR.
MONEY

When in Washington, D. C., Leathernecks
PATRONIZE THE
POST EXCHANGE, Marine Barracks
Eighth and Eye Streets Southeast
We Carry a Full Line of Marine Corps Jewelry
Pool and Bowling

NON-COM LIQUID TRIPOLI For Cleaning and Burnishing
All Metals
Especially Adapted to the Needs of
All Branches of the Service
Prepared by **WELLER & MOSKEY, Druggists**
Eighth and I Streets S. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.
Opposite Marine Barracks



SOLITARY VICTIM IN VIEW

Salesman—"Here is a very nice automatic pistol, lady. It shoots eight times." Fair Customer—"Say, what do you think I am, a polygamist?"

GUARANTEED

Customer—"Are you positive that this bowl is of genuine cut glass?" Proprietor—"Coit'ntly! Mine own son cut it himself this morning from five dollars to t'ree-ninety-eight."

AND NO REBATE

Macpherson—"Was Sandy frightened when the plane he was riding in began to fall?"

Kilduff—"That he was! Only five of the fifteen minutes he'd paid for had elapsed."

FOXY FREDDIE

"O-o-o-o-o, Freddie!" exclaimed the girl as her private sheik, much bandaged and court-plastered, met her in the park, per agreement. "Did papa do all that to you when you asked him for my hand?" "Not on your life!" replied Freddie proudly. "He never touched me. I jumped through a window."—*Exchange*.

SUSPICIOUS OPTIMISM

Huyler—"It's a great world, isn't it?" Cuyler—"Let me smell your breath."—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Rogue's Gallery

An elderly man of ultra-convivial habits, but withal learned and bookish, was hailed before the bar of justice in a country town.

"Ye're charged with bein' drunk and disorderly," snapped the magistrate. "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?"

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," began the prisoner in a flight of oratory. "I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so timid as Tennyson, so vulgar as Shakespeare so—"

"That'll do, that'll do," interrupted the magistrate. "Ninety days. And, officer, take down that list of names he mentioned and round 'em up. I think they're as bad as he is."—*Ex.*

Heartless

Mary (reading aloud conclusion of long letter)—"Then I will come home and marry the sweetest little girl on earth."

Jane—"What a mean trick. After being engaged to you!"—*London Mail*.

Philadelphia?

Lady Godiva
Returned from her ride
And harked to the talk
Of the servants inside.

"Good heavens!" she gasped,
As she slipped on a gown.
"Only one fellow looked?
Ye gods! What a town!"
—*Edgar Daniel Kramer*.

Wife: "Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six weeks?"

Professor (who is absent minded):
"Good heavens, who have I been kissing then."—*Top O' The Hill*.

Score Two

Specialist—"You are suffering from brain fag and ennui. You should take more interest in your business."

Patient—"I would like to."

Specialist—"Then why don't you?"

Patient—"The law won't let me. I'm a pawnbroker."

Evelyn—"What do you call a man that runs an auto?"

Craig—"It depends on how near he comes to me."

Mother (to daughter)—"My goodness, how did you get that ink on the side of your face?"

Daughter's fiancé (unconsciously searching in vest pocket)—"Gosh, is that fountain pen leaking again?"

Not Improbable

Judge: "This man says that after he fired a shot, he saw you run from his chicken coop."

Rastus Johnsing: "He could easy be mistaken, jedge. Fast ez Ah was runnin', it mought have been someone else what faintly resembles me."

"Bob is in love with Miss Youngblood."

"Did he tell you?"

"No; but he's got her photo hung alongside the picture of his best dog."—*Detroit News*.

"Pardon me for lapping my food," begged the embarrassed guest as he spilled the gravy into his napkin."—*Ex.*

Consideration

"There's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him some bread and potatoes."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"All right; give him a napkin, too."

Small boy—Me fadder wants a nickel's worth of ice cream.

Soda clerk—Cone?

Small boy—Naw, Rosenbaum.

Sentry—"Who goes there?"

Recruit—"Me, but I ain't goin', I'm comin'."—*Ex.*

"Ah," said the Doc, as he applied the stethoscope, "You've been having trouble with pectora medulla, haven't you?"

Handsome Hank (blushingly): "You're right, Doc, only that ain't quite her right name."—*Pearl Harbor Weekly*.

Dumb—My girl broadcasted me last night.

Dumber—What do you mean, broadcasted?

Dumb—She gave me the air.

Professor. "Prove that sound cannot penetrate a vacuum."

Gilbert: "Er—I don't hear the question."

Professor: "Perfect; that proof is excellent."

AUTO-MANIA

Here lies the body of Jim Lake,

Tread softly all who pass;

He thought his foot was on the brake,
But it was on the gas.

—*Typo Graphic*.

At sixty miles

Drove Willie Smidder;

He lost control

His wife's a widder.

—*Town and Country, Pennsylvania, Pa.*

Here lies what's left

Of Henry Glenn;

Match in gas tank—

Up went Hen.

—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Bill Turpin sneered

At careful folk;

He hasn't sneered

Since his axle broke.

—*Pitt Panther*.

Ben Higgins never would be passed,

He bragged his car's endurance.

He passed six cars with backward glance—

His wife has his insurance.

—*Pitt Panther*.

Teacher: "Who can tell me the meaning of the word 'leisure'?"

Little Boy: "Please, miss, it's a place where married people repent!"—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

THE MARINES

by R. deS. Horn

Oh, the Navy calls 'em "gyrenes,"

Cusses them in language free—

And the Army, it won't own 'em,

Calls 'em "soldiers lost at sea";

Just the same when things are hottest

And the fightin's gittin' mean

There ain't none we'd sooner welcome

Than the khaki-clad marine.

Sure, he ain't no cryin' infant,

He's a man that's fully grown,

An' he's tramped the hills an' valleys

From Alaska to the Zone;

He don't carry no press agent

Nor no music-makin' band,

But his progress ain't unnoticed

When he wanders through the land.

Though the Army or the Navy

Makes the biggest final score

It's the "Hell-fer-sartin" gyrene

That's the first to git ashore;

All he wants is shoes and trousers

An' his gun an' campaign hat

An' I've seen him live in comfort

On a whole less'n that.

So "here's how" to khaki britches

An' his comrades in the corps

For no matter whose the job is,

He's the first to git ashore;

An' the heathen ain't a-jokin'

When he plumps down in his jeans,

For he's prayin' in dead earnest

For protection from "gyrenes."

THE LEATHERNECK

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"The Leatherneck" has a National Paid-in Advance Subscription list which includes every Post and Station in the Marine Corps, every capital ship in the Navy, and many Libraries, Reading Rooms, Colleges, Lodges and Clubs in the United States, as well as thousands of Service Men and their relatives throughout the country.

THE M. C. I., IN CHINA

The Marine Detachment American Legation, Peking, China, has a strength of — officers and men, there are one hundred and fifty-seven students enrolled in the M. C. I., including Col. R. H. Dunlop, the Commanding Officer. The percentage of activity is 29.5.

The standard of this post is so high that THE LEATHERNECK publishes in full a letter from the Education Officer, Lieut. B. W. Pravitz, as follows:

"From: The School Officer.

"To: The Commanding Officer, American Legation Guard, Peking, China.

"Subject: The Marine Corps Institute.

"1. The Marine Corps Institute has taken firm root in Peking and promises to become even more popular this coming winter. In the past eighteen months the number of students has increased about 325 per cent and every mail sees one or more applications going in.

"2. There are many things that may be done to help the Institute along, but I believe that there are three things that must be done regardless of what other means are used to create and maintain the students' interest in their courses. They are:

"1. Get the proper courses for the men.

"2. Let the men know that their officers are interested in their progress.

"3. Help the students in their studies.

"Following is a brief discussion on each of the above points:

"1

"There are many types of men in the Corps and each one requires a little different treatment. There are those who, when given the proper course, go right ahead, turn in papers regularly and complete their courses with no fuss or bother. All that these young men need is the right course at the start, and right here is where a lot of good can be done if the person who 'sends them up' will use what knowledge he has of human nature in the interest of the applicant, the Institute, and the Corps.

"All applicants should be encouraged to apply for courses which they are capable of completing and, until they become accustomed to study, the shorter courses

should have the preference. A man who is given a long, difficult course when he is not mentally capable of handling it soon becomes a source of trouble, whereas he might have gone right through to a diploma in a simpler course.

"The number of 'old timers' who are enrolled is altogether too small and the chief difficulty seems to be that they believe the school is operated to prepare men for the outside. This point is rather strongly emphasized in the school's advertising, and the viewpoint of these 'old timers' is easily understood. These men do not expect to be civilians until they retire and an 'outside' profession does not interest them. However, if it was made plain to these men that the service needs well-informed noncommissioned officers and that their future promotion depended not only upon their knowledge of things military, but upon their general education, a great many more applications would be forthcoming.

"2

"Interest of the officers in what the men are doing goes a long way toward increasing the number of applications and keeping students active. This fact is so well known that it needs no further comment here other than to say that when the men realize that their superior officers are taking the Institute seriously they soon become interested themselves, or if already enrolled, they strive to make a good record.

"3

"Once a man has signed up he should not be turned loose, thrown entirely upon his own resources, and then be expected to go smoothly through his course without a hitch. How much help he needs depends on how difficult his course is and in Peking, where it takes almost three months for mail to go to the United States and return, the School Officer or his assistant must be ready to help the students frequently. No doubt many cancellations are due to students having minor troubles in their courses which they could easily overcome with a few minutes assistance of some capable person who was willing to assist them.

"A quiet room, with seats and tables, where men can study is invaluable as the squad rooms and even the library are not suitable.

"The mail problem is a great handicap here as a man must wait over two months after he makes application before his first books arrive. The time to start a man in is when he feels he wants the course and two or three months later perhaps his interest has waned.

"Every time a new application comes in the students' card-index is gone through and if it is found that this particular course is being studied by some other student, arrangements are made to loan the applicant his first books so that he can begin sending in lessons immediately. This gets him under way and by the time his own books begin coming he has reached that stage in his course where the lessons take a longer time for preparation and the Institute 'catches up' to him.

"Any man, with enough ambition to voluntarily apply for a course, who is given the right course, afforded a place to study, receives help when he needs it, and who knows that his officers are interested in the progress he makes, will, in the majority of cases, complete his course and submit an application for a second one.

"B. W. PRAVITZ."

THE HISTORY OF THE CHEVRON

The subject of chevrons—the distinguishing marks of the non-commissioned officer—has been discussed often and widely. At one time there was some talk of changing the large yellow chevrons worn on the Marine Corps blue uniforms, for others of smaller design. At that time a writer in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* delved into the remote past of the chevron and brought forth several interesting comments on its origin. He says, in part:

"The French were the first nation to use chevrons for their military men, and it was not until the War of 1812 that American troops adopted them. In 1818 the Marines first used them for their subalterns, one bar for a second lieutenant and two for a first, worn above the elbow, points up and fashioned with gold lace edged with scarlet.

The noncommissioned officers followed with theirs worn below the elbow, fashioned of yellow worsted lace, one bar for a corporal and two for a sergeant.

In 1827, when the Marines changed their rank devices, the chevrons were retained for noncoms only, and in addition, dark blue stripes sewed diagonally across the sleeve, as worn by Washington's revolutionaries, were authorized to indicate prior service.

At the time of the Mexican War the American Army for some unknown reason reversed the chevrons, turning the points down. It was not until after 1900 that the Army came back to the former style, but the Marines stood by their guns through all that stretch of time, as did the officers of West Point.

There were of course many arguments throughout that period of fifty-odd years as to which was right, the Army or the Marines. Heraldry was clearly on the side of the latter. The word "chevron" is derived from the Latin word capro, meaning rafter and is stated to be "an honorable ordinary, consisting of two bars one-fifth the width of the shield, issuing obliquely from the dexter and sinister bases and joined at the center." The Marines, in addition to this, maintained that a rafter was built with the point up, so in 1902 the Army reversed the dictum of the Mexican War days and turned the points up."

MARINE BASEBALL TEAM TO START WORK IN SOUTH

When the Marine Expeditionary Force goes South for the Winter Maneuvers, the Marine baseball team of Quantico will have been organized so that as soon as the pressure of duties permits, baseball practice may be started in Panama. In this way, the team will be able to begin its workout much sooner than would be the case in Quantico.

* * * * *

On mules we find
Two legs behind—
Two we find before.

We stand behind
Before we find
What the two behind be for.

* * * * *

First Lieutenant: "Who in hell put these flowers on my desk?"

Corporal: "The commanding officer, sir."

"Pretty flowers, aren't they?"

ANOTHER LINE ON THE LEGATION DETACHMENT AT PEKING

By LIEUT. PAUL GARDNER.

Our new gymnasium, which is located on top of the new Barracks building, will be formally opened in the near future by a big house warming in the nature of a smoker and general get-together. Boxing bouts, wrestling matches and pie-eating contests will constitute part of the entertainment.

The new gymnasium will fill a long felt want here at the Legation. In the past we have been handicapped in practicing basketball, boxing, and so forth, because of our being compelled to use the Chinese Y. M. C. A. up to this time, which was doubly inconvenient on account of its distance from the Barracks and the inconvenient hours for practice. The new building is long enough for a spacious basketball court, with room for spectators at each end. Modern athletic equipment is being installed for the use of those who desire its use.

Basketball is the only sport in which the Chinese compete with the Americans. Even though the game is comparatively new to them, the Chinese are learning very quickly under the tutelage of American educated Chinese who have helped to introduce the game here. The Chinese are more at home on dirt courts for they have no regular floors, so we have been compelled to make a dirt floor of our own, and now we have learned to do the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde act from dirt to floor and vice versa with no great trouble.

Our big games, however, are with our old rivals, the 15th Infantry of Tientsin. A series of five games has been arranged between the Marines and the Army for the championship of this part of China.

The skating season, which lasts about three months, is just about beginning. A rather unique system of skating rinks prevails in North China. Peking is very dry and artificial ice must be made for the rinks. With the coming of winter there also come fierce dust storms, sweeping down in large yellow clouds from the Mongolian plains. All the outside ice is immediately covered with a coating of dust which makes skating impossible. To remedy this a huge "pung" or mat shed is built over the parade ground, which is then flooded with water until a thick icy surface is formed. Our "pung" on the Glacis is now being constructed and we are looking forward to a winter of fine skating.

Hunting expeditions into Mongolia are very popular now with members of the post. Several parties have been formed for expeditions into Mongolia where big game can be found in abundance. At present Lieutenant Neill, Lieutenant Pravitz, Quartermaster Sergeant Nagel and Corporal Taylor are shooting deer and goats somewhere near the headwaters of the Yellow River.

WITH THE 54TH COMPANY AT PONT BEUDET, HAITI

The following letter from one of the Marines in the 54th Company just reached us, and although the news it contains has been somewhat delayed we are sure it will be of interest to our readers:

"The 54th Company, consisting of three officers, thirteen non-commissioned officers and seventy-five privates, left Cape Haitien in November for its yearly course in Military Tactics which is held at the Brigade Training Center (Camp General Russell) at Point Beudet, Haiti. The trip to the latter camp was made via the U. S. S. *Toudasac*; it was anything but a pleasure voyage, for most of the men were sick, as well as wet and cold. The lower deck was awash most of the time and the upper deck or superstructure was not large enough to hold the entire company, even sitting up.

"The ship arrived at Port au Prince at 10 o'clock on the following day after embarkation at Cape Haitien. Trucks were standing by for our arrival and in a short time men and baggage were being rushed out to the Training Station, where a wonderful and very welcome dinner was awaiting them. The remainder of the day was spent in drawing linen, locker boxes and so on, and in getting settled at the new camp.

"About a week later the 54th Company joined the companies of the 8th Regiment in a parade at Port au Prince to bid farewell to the former Brigade Commander, Col. T. P. Cain.

"Every Saturday and Sunday ten men from the company are given liberty to go to Port au Prince and there is no trouble to make up the liberty party. More news next time. Here is a little bit of advice just might prove for the benefit of the companies which follow us: Bring plenty of metal polish—you'll need it on the mess gear."

MARINES AT BOSTON DEFEAT CIVILIAN RIFLEMEN

With its initial indoor small bore rifle match of the season the team from this post defeated the crack riflemen representing the Fur, Fin and Feather Club, an organization composed of some of the best rifle shots in the New England States. The match was 20 shots, prone position at 75 feet, seven men on a team, the best five scores to count. Our best five was a perfect score of 500 and our competitors' best total was 496. In defeating this team we have overcome what we considered our greatest obstacle to a perfect season. This, however, does not mean that our future matches will prove to be a dead cinch as we now have on our schedule matches with many of the leading small bore rifle teams in this part of the country, and it will require the best efforts on the part of our team to duplicate last year's feat of going through the season without suffering a single defeat.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE BRIGADIER

Athletics of the First Brigade are marking time after a very active period, while the men who have taken part in the various meets stop for a breathing spell. The outstanding performance of this time was the wonderful victory of the First Brigade Track and Field team over Santo Domingo on Labor Day. In addition to the teams mentioned, the members of the pistol, boxing and wrestling teams can point with just pride to their achievements. Baseball will be resumed in the early part of the new year. The Barracks team won the series just completed and the silver cup, which will be presented by the A. J. Reach Company.

In the golf tournament held at the Santo Domingo Country Club recently, Major Edwin H. Brainard, Commanding Observation Squadron One, was the winner with a score of ninety-three for the eighteen holes. In the tennis matches Lieutenant Frazer (MC) U. S. Navy, lost to Mr. Smith.

The second Annual Creche Fair, held for the benefit of the Haitian orphans, was a decided success. From the fishpond where the children made catches of toys, candy, paint boxes and countless other trinkets to the three-ring circus where Colonel "Pat" Evans and Captain "Pete" Geyer held forth in an Oriental dance, everything was a whirl of merriment and gaiety. Vying with the two dancers mentioned above were the magician and the fortune teller, but to Captain Thompson of the Panama Line goes the blue ribbon for popularity. From his station at the bandstand, he directed the multitude to take chances with most eloquence that for six hours there was a constant stream of buyers. Delicious refreshments of cake, home-made fudge and various kinds of punch completed a wonderful program of entertainment. The result of the Fair was a profit of about \$1,000 for the benefit of the Creche. Thanks are due to Mrs. John H. Russell and Mrs. James P. Haynes for their invaluable assistance in promoting the Fair and arousing the interest of the American Colony.

The Club Dance at the American Club was well attended as usual. The American Colony took advantage of this occasion to celebrate the return of Lieutenants Rogers and Palmer and to welcome the aviators from Squadron One.

Authentic reports of the sighting of a large shark close in toward the bathing beach at Cote Plage will probably result in a falling off in attendance at that ordinarily popular place.

Captain Otto E. Bartoe and First Lieutenant William L. McKittrick received their commissions as such on November 13th and 12th respectively. We extend our congratulations to both of these officers.

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Quantico, Va.

Stackbuilder Rises to the Superintendency of Big Concern

Robert A. Horne, With the Aid of Spare Time Study, Now Official of
Jabncke Dry Dock and Ship Repair Co., New Orleans

By George W. Reese

FIFTY feet up in the air, a thought struck me. And I'll tell you, it nearly bowled me over. I was working at my trade of stackbuilder. A stackbuilder, I'll explain for your benefit, is a man who builds smokestacks—rivets the plates together in the shop, joins them into sections as big as can be handled, and then puts one on top of another until the stack reaches a height that is usually a dizzy one.

"I was swinging back and forth in my precarious seat, guiding a new section of the stack to its resting place on the part already built up. My helper below eased off on the pulley rope, the section of pipe settled slowly into place, and with a few quickly driven rivets, I completed the job and was ready to move my tackle and other apparatus higher up for the placing of the final section.

"And then the thought struck me.

"I looked at those two sections of metal pipe, put together so high in air, so far from their source and yet fitting perfectly. I reviewed in my mind the process by which that result was achieved. A stackbuilder—myself, in fact—received from a man called a 'layer-out,' a set of blueprints. On these prints, each piece of the plates used in making the smokestack was drawn with hairline accuracy. The size of the plate was indicated—it must be a certain gauge (or thickness) of iron, so many inches wide by so many inches long. Dots were marked to show where rivet holes were to be drilled. Figures indicating the degree of curvature of the plate were given. The stackbuilder followed these instructions faithfully, and he turned out a perfect job. But what would he have done without the instructions? Nothing. He would have been helpless. Who, then, was the more valuable man—the

layer-out, who worked up the instructions, or the stackbuilder, who carried them out and could do nothing without them? I found the answer in the pay envelope. I drew \$2.00 a day as a stackbuilder; another man was paid \$6.00 for laying-out.

"From that moment I determined to be a 'layer-out.'

"But I was confronted by an obstacle. I had attended school but nine months in my life—five months one session, and four the other. I could read a newspaper and write a letter home—the two things which are the test of a man's literacy, but I couldn't calculate the size of smokestack necessary to get full power out of a 60 h. p. boiler; I could form no idea of how much a plate should be curved to form a stack 24 inches in diameter; I had no way of knowing what thickness of metal was necessary for security in a stack fifty feet high, or how many rivets were needed, and how close together they should be put. I couldn't move a finger until another man had figured these things out for me. Of course, I knew, after the stack was up, if it was a good piece of work or not, and I could, in a pinch, duplicate a job in every detail. But I was lost the minute there was the least variation in wanted boiler power, height, wind stress, or what not. And right there was exactly where the layer-out came in.

"I realized that I must make up for my lack of education—I determined to do it. Using my nine months' schooling as a foundation, plus the knowledge I had picked up from reading the newspapers and an occasional simple book, I struck out for bigger things in education.

"I enrolled for a course in the International Correspondence Schools."

TEAR OUT HERE

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Without cost of obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting & Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet-Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Superintendent | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
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MARINE CORPS ORDERS

December 24, 1923

No orders issued.

December 25, 1923

No orders issued.

December 26, 1923

Maj. C. C. Riner—Resignation accepted.

Maj. E. P. Fortson—Retired.

Capt. J. W. Webb—Detached M. B., San Diego, Calif., to M. B., U. S. S. Oklahoma.

Capt. C. I. Murray—Detached M. B., U. S. S. Oklahoma, to M. B., San Diego, Calif.

December 27, 1923

Second Lieut. A. V. Cherbonnier—Detached M. B., N. S., St. Thomas, V. I., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

December 28, 1923

1st Lieut. J. W. Beckett—Detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lieut. D. J. Kendall—Detached 2d Brig., D. R., to MB, Quantico, Va.

December 29, 1923

No orders issued.

December 30, 1923

No orders issued.

December 31, 1923

No orders issued.

He—Bill tried to kiss Helen in his canoe last night, but she wouldn't let him.

She—What thing—What did he do?
He—He wanted her back.
She—The rough thing!

Statisticians tell us that married men live longer than single ones.
Perhaps it only seems longer.

There goes a great track man.
Looks like a hobo to me.
That's what he is.

"Why don't you marry Adolph?"
"He is a Freethinker. He doesn't even believe there is a hell!"
"Go on and marry him. You can convince him of his mistake."—Judge.

A man had applied for a job in a restaurant. The manager asked him what experience he had.
"I was a cook in an officers' mess and was wounded twice," replied the man.

A little later, after tasting the soup the man had made, the manager exclaimed: "Why, man, you're lucky. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."—Judge.

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WEEKLY REPORT Marine Corps Institute

January 4, 1924

ENROLLMENT BY SCHOOLS	
Total number individuals enrolled..	7289
Business Schools	
Civil Service.....	747
Commerce.....	449
Banking, etc.....	19
Business Management.....	59
Commercial Law.....	58
Higher Accounting.....	286
Railroad Accounting.....	0
Traffic Management.....	39
Marine Officers Accounting.....	583
Construction Schools	
Agriculture.....	110
Poultry Husbandry.....	70
Domestic Science.....	21
Architecture.....	100
Drafting.....	103
Mechanical Engineering.....	55
Shop Practice.....	44
Civil Engineering.....	161
Navigation.....	88
Textiles.....	7
Plumbing, etc.....	81
Concrete Engineering.....	21
Structural Engineering.....	17
Illustrating and Design.....	125
Show Card Lettering.....	53
Sign Lettering.....	81
Industrial Schools	
Automobiles.....	661
Chemistry.....	31
Mining & Metallurgy.....	40
Pharmacy.....	60
Electrical Engineering.....	414
Telephony and Telegraphy.....	259
Steam Engineering.....	78
Gas Engines.....	219
Refrigeration.....	11
.....	59
.....	125
.....	125
.....	14
.....	36
.....	848
.....	751
Total.....	7289
Number of examination papers received during week.....	2374
Number of examination papers received during 1923.....	34947

INTEREST AT LAST

Staylate, the veteran who wanted everybody to know all about it, had just completed a long-winded war story, relating how he had crawled out into No-Man's Land amid the shells.

"And after that they all thought I was dead," he concluded.

"And were you?" asked Miss Sweet, yawning, but with a note of hope in her voice.—Exchange.

The trolley car thundered down the street.

With a man up on top of it dragging his feet.—Longfellow.

Guest at hotel—I wish I had come here a week ago.

Proprietress—Ah! You flatter my establishment.

Guest—What I mean is that I'd have preferred to eat this fish then instead of now.—London Opinion.

RATHER UNUSUAL

Miss Catt—"How did he behave at his marriage with Miss Wry?"

Miss Nipp—"Splendid! He was so goodnatured that they all took him for the bride's father."—American Legion Weekly.



MARINES RECENTLY REENLISTING

Denzla R. Kincaid, 12-24-23, Quantico.
Stephan Duggan, 12-10-23, San Diego.
Arvid C. Hetzel, 12-21-23, Boston.
David I. Williams, 12-21-23, Quantico.
William C. Blackford, 12-21-23, Quantico.

Clarence Beatty, 12-21-23, West Coast.
Roscoe T. Clark, 12-15-23, Mare Island.
Nathan S. Bethers, 12-19-23, Parris Island.

George G. Morrow, 12-13-23, Puget Sound.

Paul R. Sorenson, 12-19-23, Boston.
John La Gasse, 12-20-23, Quantico.
Edwin R. Myers, 12-20-23, Philadelphia.

Melvin M. Odle, 12-18-23, Mare Island.
Herman W. Bell, Jr., 12-20-23, Norfolk.

Donald P. Dixon, 12-20-23, Marine Band, Washington.

Ralph C. Smith, 12-20-23, Quantico.
John E. Davidson, 12-20-23, Mare Island.

William C. Barnes, 12-24-23, Quantico.
Thomas J. Gable, 12-14-23, San Diego.
David H. Howe, 12-24-23, Quantico.

Levertt W. Barnes, 12-24-23, West Coast.

William F. Fritsche, 12-24-23, Parris Island.

Ivan H. Shoemaker, 12-22-23, Quantico.



STRANGE AND FEARFUL

Waiter—"Did you not find that chicken an exceptional one, sir?"

Diner—"Exceptional! It must have been a freak! I don't remember ever having seen a chicken before that consisted of two backs, three necks, a gizzard and a wing."

OLD STUFF

Jenkins, a man whose character might be considered doubtful if it wasn't practically certain, came rushing up to the police station in a great state of excitement.

"Lieutenant, oh, lieutenant!" he gasped. "There's a thief in my house!"
"Go on back home," snorted the official. "I've known that for years."

SIDELIGHTS ON THE BRITISH MARINES

Royal Marines are recruited between the ages of 17 and 23. They must be able to read and to write fairly well and they must have a fair knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic.

After a candidate has been accepted and enlisted given a certain time after which he takes an examination for a Third Class Certificate which entitles him to be promoted to the rank of corporal. The examination for this certificate covers the following subjects:

English; reading; letter writing and dictation; arithmetic, including compound rules, reduction of money, weights and measures, vulgar fractions and decimals; elementary Imperial history.

For promotion to the rank of sergeant a corporal must hold a Second Class Certificate. The syllabus includes:

English-essays and letters; arithmetic and simple mensuration; geography; Imperial history and citizenship.

Candidates for Warrant Officer must have a First Class Certificate which is the equivalent of a Second Class Certificate plus a 55 per cent mark in the subject of Military Topography, and a satisfactory mark in Practical Mathematics.

From the foregoing it can be seen plainly that our British "cousins" believe in a thorough education being the basis for promotion and in that light the present activity of the Marine Corps Institute may be considered of especial significance. Widawake men in our Corps will avail themselves of this opportunity to fit themselves for promotion.

CIRCULATION OF THE LEATHERNECK INCREASED

We are pleased to announce that the circulation of THE LEATHERNECK has been materially increased, although we are still far short of a sufficient number to place the paper completely beyond the danger zone. We are responding to the increase of circulation in every way possible, and if our readers will continue to back us up in our efforts THE LEATHERNECK of six months from now will be quite a different publication. We are investigating a possible source of supply of pictures and cuts which will allow us to illustrate many of our news articles and all of the special issues which are being held up for this very reason. If this supply materializes we shall avail ourselves of it at once, which will be within the next month.

We have received several complaints that we favor two or three posts in our columns. This is absolutely wrong and if news of the posts mentioned has occurred more often than that of the posts making the complaint it is because the latter have not sent us anything to publish. We want to vary our issues but we cannot do this without co-operation from officers and men at each station.

The Genial Season

"My niece had twins this morning." Slightly-deaf Old Gentleman—Thank you, Miss Simpson. The same to you and many of them.

We shall now sing "East is West," by Ben Turpin.—Exchange.

BOYS OF THE FINEST

By STANLEY A. PYSZKA

I was gazing today at a poster
That hangs on my bedroom wall,
Showing two boys in khaki—
One sending a wig-wag call;
Off in the distance a cruiser
Anchored in waters blue.
Oh, you boys of the finest—
Marines I am lonesome for you.

I can picture again the island
Off the shores of Caroline,
And I hear the old drill sergeant
With his "steady, hold that line."
I can feel the butt of my Springfield
Against the old issue shoe.
Oh, you Leatherneck boys of the finest,
Gee, but I'm lonesome for you.

I can see the old palms of the tropics
And the folks of many lands,
Overhead the cross of the Southland,
Under foot the burning sands,
And the face of many a bunkie
Who in times past proved true blue
In there in the midst of the finest.
Oh Marines, I'm lonesome for you.

Here's health to the M. G. C.
And carry it down the line
To the newest recruit in the outfit,
Learning to halt and mark time.
I'm going to ship over tomorrow,
I'm tired of the "outside" crew,
Oh, Leatherneck lads of the finest,
I'm coming back to you.

Affable Clergyman (pinching a little boy's bare legs): "Who's got nice, round, crubby legs?"
Little Boy: "Marines"—The Green Echo.



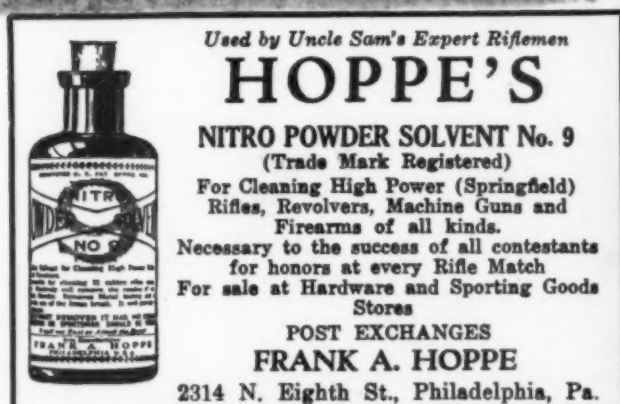
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